# MAN:

Or, The Excellency of

## Man's Creation and Endowments Above the Original of

# WOMAN.

# A Poem.

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By *M. S.*

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*Roger L'Estrange.*

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# To the Reader.

Reader,

I *Do not conceal my* Name *for fear of Criticks, for I have known ſo few of them good Poets, that I have no Cauſe to envy them, much leſs will their Snarling anger me, for I ever eſteem'd that below my Anger, that was below my Envy. Nor is it that I think I have diſpleas'd* the Female Sex, *for the Prudent will own our Birth ſuperior to theirs, what ſeems Satyrical on them at the latter End, is only what we may ſuppoſe* Adam *had cauſe to ſay from the Treach'ry of* Eve: *But the true Reaſon of concealing my ſelf, is, That my Book was importun'd into the World before I had brought it to that Perfection which a ſecond Review might have done. Nor thought I fit to expoſe my Friends Names (who honour me with their Compliments at the Beginning) to that which I was not willing to be ſeen in my ſelf; Therefore,* Reader, *judge of it according to thy Skill in Poetry, and the Ingenuity of thy Temper: But if thou wilt not prefer it to thy Friends, or encourage it Abroad, Know, I do not value my Self by the Sale of it, to the World, ſince a* Bunyan *may have more Editions than a* Cowley.

## To my Friend on his Poem.

ARiſe, my Muſe, and take thy Lyre,
Whil'ſt thou art warmed with his Fire;
Catching the Notions which do throng
About his pow'rful, charming Tongue:
And ſing his worth in his own Phraſe,
For thine are all below his Praiſe.

Thy Lines, like Lovers Sighs, are ſoft,
Yet ſoar, with gilded wings, aloft!
A Majeſty they bare Divine,
And Glory's in each Sentence ſhine.

When on your Verſe I think, and You,
I bid the VVorld, awhile, Adieu;
For to Celeſtial Joys, I'm caught,
And Pleaſures much too big for Thought.
So full and crowded is your Brain,
Without one Line, or VVord in vain;
That it requires a nimble Flight,
To think as faſt, as you can write.
But Friendſhip Flatt'ry denies,
And Virtue Paraſites defies;
Then leſt the *World* may think I raiſe,
(*Who* know you not) a flatt'ring Praiſe,
I'le force my Muſe to ſtop her Rime,
And think, where ſpeaking is a Crime.

*R. C.*

## To his worthy Friend Mr. *M. S.* upon his Poem.

SIR, when your Verſe and lofty Style I meet,
Numbers ſo great, and Concord heav'nly ſweet;
Raviſht I am, the very Man you name,
*W*hat Paſſion e're you write, I feel the ſame.
And when of heav'nly Joys you write, I'd ſwear,
That all the while you wrote, your Self was there:
But when of thoſe i'th' curſt Abodes do dwell,
Pardon, my Friend, I thought you was in Hell:
So Diſmally thoſe Helliſh Flames you paint,
Enough to bring a Trembling on a Saint.
*W*hen Blood intents you write, you make me ſtart,
And think I ſee a Dagger at my *H*eart.
But when with ſofter charming Language, You
Fall like the heav'nly Manna, or the Dew.
If *Eve's* Temptations in ſuch Pow'rs did dwell?
I cannot (Grandſire) think it ſtrange you fell;
Nor could an Angel, almoſt, keep his Sphere,
And ſuch a charming beaut'ous Creature hear.
In brief, You make the Reader what you pleaſe,
Torment him as you will, or give him Eaſe:
You ſwallow up his Soul, and Senſes quite,
Whil'ſt he has pow'r to act but as you write.

*R. L.* of *Lincolns-Inn.*

# *To the* AUTHOR.

SIR, when your Noble Verſe I read,
Upon the Starry Heav'ns I tread,
And Suns do ſhine about my Head.

They're Poliſht all ſo Fair, and Bright,
Full of ſuch *V*igor, Heat, and Light,
All mixing Profit with Delight.

Sir like your Charming Self, they be,
Sueh Sweetneſs mixt with Majeſty,
So full of ſparkiſh Gayety.

That Heav'n did never yet Beſtow,
Its Gifts more plent'ouſly below,
On any Minion than on you.

But ſince your Book conceals ydur Name,
If thoſe Endowments I proclaim,
The *W*orld will know at whom I aim.

*F. D.*

## *To* Mr. *M. S.*

SHould I pretend to ſing your Praiſe,
'Twould more debaſe your Style, then Raiſe,
*A*nd with my Nonſence, all the world *A*maze.
No *H*elicon does me Inſpire,
Ile only warm me at your Fire,
*A*nd ſince I cann't Praiſe, ſtand ſtill and admire.

*T. R. of Grays-Inn.*

## *To his Friend Mr. M. S.*

MY Friend, I'le not pretend the leaſt your Praiſe,
Or any Monumental Trophys Raiſe;
The beſt Encomiums I could Sing, would be
Inferior much, both to thy Style, and Thee:
I'le ask thine Enemies what they can ſay,
*A*nd their Obſcurity will Blaze thy Day:
Their blackeſt Envy, make The Brighter far,
Than Sable Night, can make a Glitt'ring Star.
*A*nd when the Infl'ence of their Envy's ſpent,
They ſhall Confeſs Thee, a Pure Ornament:
*A*cknowledge Thee in every thing Compleat,
*A*n *H*umble Mind, with *A*ctions Nobly Great.

H T

*T. S.*

## To Mr. M. S.

OF all things, Sir, I hate a Paraſite,
Nor, think it is t'advance your Book I write;
Or bring the leaſt pretended Praiſe, to ſhow
That your Illuſtrious Fame to Me you owe.
No: 'Tis Self-Int'reſt drives me on, for I
Know thoſe that live with you muſt never Dye.
My Ends I ſeek, not yours, when theſe I give,
'Cauſe in your Deathleſs Poems I would ever Live.

J. L

# The Great Birth of MAN:

## Or, The Excellency of Man's Creation and Endowments Above the Original of WOMAN.

When from profound Abyſs of endleſs Thought,
(Which all things always to Perfection brought)
Man (the great Object of Omnipotence,
A Soul inform'd with the Divineſt Sence,
Made like a God, both Maſculine, and Brave,
Deſign'd the Empire of the VVorld to have:)
VVas Form'd; the Univerſe ſtrait Bow'd, to ſhow
Th'Obedience to this God on Earth they ow.
Th' admiring Angels triumph'd with loud Airs,
To ſee a Shape Divine, join'd to a Soul like theirs.

A greater Minion to the Deity,
Capable of Reprieve, when they muſt be
Hav'ng Fallen Once, Damn'd to Eternity.

Thus did this Bliſsful Creature ev'rywhere,
Walk with Reſpect, through the perfumed Air:
Whil'ſt all the Creatures, Humble Subjects were.
The Grove's ſweet Quiriſters with warbling Throats,
Eccho Man's Glory, in Seraphick Notes.
The Gen'rous Lyons, and the Gentle Fauns,
The Wolves, and Lambs upon the Verdant Lawns,
All Birds, which in the Aiery Main do fly,
And Fiſh, which nimbly cut the liquid Sky,
Join Sports ſo fine their Monarch to divert:
As if their Natures were advanc'd by Art.
The Fields with *Flora*'s Pride all cover'd were,
The Trees, Fruit-like, the Golden Ore did bare.
The Tune-full wind his raviſht Spirits cheers,
Joins joyful Conſort, to th' harmonious Spheres.
All Nature ſmil'd with amicable Pride,
Immortal Love, and thouſand Joys beſide,
Whil'ſt He in unexhauſted bleſt Delights,
Drinks down large Bowls of Pleaſures Days and Nights.
Years hand in hand, with comely pace advance,
Nor paſs they on, but in a meaſur'd Dance
Return again, for in Heav'ns mighty Rowl,
His Youth's deſign'd Immortal as his Soul.
The lofty Subject of his follow'ng Days,
Was to exalt th' Eternal Being's Praiſe:

Which

Which he perform'd with ſuch a Pride, and Fear,
As did become a Soul ſo great, and ſuch a God to hear.

The mighty Thund'rer, from his lofty Throne,
Beheld the whole Creation, but found none,
So great an Object of his Love, as this
Extract of Forms, Heir to Celeſtial Bliſs,
And ſaid:

We Miriads have of Cherubins attend
Our ſpacious Throne, on ev'ry Errand ſend
Legions of Angels, but Man hath not yet
Attendants, which his mighty Birth do fit:
We'le make a Creature, but we'le not create,
Since Man conſummates all th' intents of Fate:
And were the Birth like his, the growing Pride
Which ſtill attends the Baſer, would deride
His Sov'rain Sway, and that Priority,
Which always ſhews the Rights of Majeſty.
Yet high'r than other Creatures, whom we'le call,
Woman, a Copy from th' Original.

Strait *Adam* ſleeps, a well-ſpar'd Rib is wrought
Into a Creature, ne're till now in thought.
Thus was her Birth inferior much to ſhow,
What great Submiſſion to her Lord ſhe'd ow.
His was a pure Creation, *Her*s alone
*Species* transform'd, a Woman from a Bone:
*He*'s born immediately of God, her Birth
Is but from him, a little of his Earth:

*Her* Elements and Subſtance from him, *He*
*Had* all his Subſtance of the Deity:
Let us make Man (ſaid God) and ſummon'd
The mighty Powers which attend his *Call*:
But She, till all was perfect, was not known,
Made an Attendant, to Man's ſpacious Throne.

Man ſaw the Form, and though not perfect made
Like his, yet Speech, and Reaſon had, and ſaid:

Since you our other *Creatures* do ſurmount,
VVe'le truſt You Steward of Our great Account:
Tell you the Secrets of our *Heart*, and know
Of all the Trees, which in our Garden grow,
VVith Freedom taſte, but that i'th' Middle ſtands,
Taſte not, nor Touch, 'tis God's and our Commands.
The reſt for Food, and Pleaſure are more fit,
A certain Death about this Tree does ſit.
*He* ſpake, She bow'd, and with Submiſſion ſaid,
My Sov'rain, your juſt Pleaſure is obey'd;
They part, Man to extoll th' Eterna'ls Love,
And She to view the Pleaſures of the Grove.

But thinks and wonders what this Fruit may be,
Longing to ſee this ſtrange Forbidden Tree:
I ſee no Fruit but what's Divinely Fair,
Fit for ſuch Trees, th'Almighty plants to bare:
But where's this diſmal Tree, this fatal Fruit,
That ugly Death ſhonld lurk about the Root.

I am

I am forbidden, therefore long to know,
O that ſome unknown Pow'r, would quickly ſhow,
Free from Man's Sight, I'd fear not Death's poor ſtrife,
My Face, and Features ſhould ſecure my Life!

There is a Place beneath the ſolid Earth,
Lower than where the Min'rals have their birth:
Beneath deep Caverns, hid from *Titan*'s Eye,
Where fierce *Æolian* Tyrants, Chained lye:
Beneath the ſilent Chambers of the Dead,
And deepeſt Caves, where cruel Satyrs Tread:
Beneath th' Originals of deepeſt Fountains,
Beneath the Sea's large Floor, and Roots of Mountains:
It is the Palace, and the Curſt Abodes,
Of *Lucifer*, and all th' Infernal Gods:
Baniſht for Towring Pride, Celeſtial Thrones,
And Damn'd to Tortures, and Eternal Grones.
With ſcorching Pangs, through Fiery Darkneſs, they
Roul, and Blaſpheme the ſmalleſt glympſe of Day.
Screechings, and Howls are all the Muſick there,
Groans too ſevere for Fleſh and Blood to bare:
With ſtartling Horror, Crown'd, and mad Deſpair.
Strong ſulph'rous Stenches, with their loathſome Smell,
Enough to make the pureſt Air a Hell.
Hot ſcalding Rivers, fill'd with liquid Fire:
And Souls to ſuffer, which can ne'r Expire.
Then are they plung'd in Snow and Ice all o're,
Reeking with Heat, and ſweating Drops of Gore.

The Grand Uſurper of Angelick Race
By Birth, but now without one Mark of Grace:
The Empire of theſe Regions ever held,
Since he againſt the only Great Rebell'd.
With vaſt expanded Pride, He and the Reſt,
Dare the Immortals Thund'rers Throne Moleſt:
Attempting Sov'raignty, and ſcorn'd their Ods,
All would be Fiends, if all could not be Gods.
Heav'ns angry Monarch, with dread Thunder Hurl'd
Theſe deſp'rate Fiends, into th' Infernal World:
Since which, they envy thoſe loſt Thrones, and try
To Damn the reſt, by curſed Treachery.

Whilſt *Luciſer* Obſerv'd the World Above,
And found the Object of Eternal Love:
Brave Gen'rous Man, but knew it was in vain,
To tempt his Conſtancy, his Wiſer Brain,
Would ſearch each black Deſign, with prying Eyes,
Find the moſt deep Intreague, through each Diſguiſe.
His Sacrifices, whilſt his Heart ne'r ſtray'd,
With Bleſt Acceptance, ev'ry day he pay'd:
Gladly receiv'd what e're his Maker Taught,
Nor would Tranſgreſs ſo much as in his Thought.

But when he'd Woman found, he ſoon did ſpye
Her Luſtful Heart, and Longings of her Eye.
Her Liquoriſh Palate, loving what was Gay,
With ſprightly Birds, and pretty Lambs would Play:

Seek

Seek fragrant Smells, and then ſhe'd fall in Love
With her own Face, whilſt in ſome ſhady Grove,
Making a Mirrour of a Fountain, where
Sh'd kiſs her Shade, and curl her Silver Hair.
Longing for things Forbid, nor 'll be deny'd:
And what moſt pleas'd the Fiend, She was all Pride.
Said He, this eaſie ſoftneſs never can
Withſtand Temptations, like more ſolid Man.

A Serpents Form he took, the Comel'eſt ſhape
Heav'n ſuffer'd, that it might prevent a Rape:
Heav'n knew that Beauty eaſily would Charm,
This hid'ous Monſter might Her Soul Alarm.
The Fiend Blaſphemes to have a ſhape ſo foul;
Seeing his ugly Carcaſs after Roul:
My Plots (ſaid he) are Damn'd, but Hold, I'le Try,
'Tis Woman, Fooliſh VVoman, ſhe ſhall Dye.

Strait leaves theſe loathſome Regions, to repair
To Paradice, and breath the vernal Air.
The Garden enters, all the Place looks ſad;
Birds fall down Dead before him, Beaſts run mad:
Th' Earth where he rouls, all ſcorch't, and poiſon'd ſeems
And ſulph'rous Vapours, belches out in ſtreams.
His Eyes are Flames, his Jaws look black and pale;
And in Huge Circles, drags his Thund'ring Tail.
The VVoman ſtartled at a Shape ſo Foul;
Her Body for a while, diſmiſt her Soul.

VVhen

When it return'd, ſaid She, VVhat Monſtrous Birth,
Art thou that comeſt to Pollute the Earth?
From what Black Shades? VVith that his diſmal Jawes
Divide, and from his Trunk a horrid noiſe:
I'm come, ſaid he, to eaſe your Longing Eyes;
To ſhew the Tree, where all Perfection Lyes.
The Tree Forbid. O where? ſaid She; *Serp.* Behold!
The Tree i'th' midſt, which ſhines like beaten Gold.
*Wom.* Is that the Tree which looks ſo Lovely? Where,
Pale Death lies couchant, Poyſons Center'd are?
My greedy Eyes did long to See, but more
I Long to Taſte, than did to See before.
Oh how it Tempts? But Ah my Deſtiny!
I muſt not Taſte the Fruit, for fear I Dye.

*Serp.* Dye? Aye you will, a moſt delicious Death,
Dye? ſo's to double ev'ry blaſt of Breath.
You'll more Immortal be by Eating This;
Quenching your Appetite with Rapes of Bliſs.
Quaff with large Guſts, the Eſſence of Delight:
And be more Heav'nly Fair, more Heav'nly Bright.
Your preſent Form, you will Excel, as Far
As Heav'ns Illuſtrious Lamp, a little Star.
You'll leave dull Earth, for a Celeſtial Throne:
And Reign of *Heav'n* the Glorious Queen alone.
Perfumes more Fragrant hourly, than the Eaſt
In Thouſand years can give, you'll Smell and Taſt
Rich Nectar from full Cluſters, all Divine,
Of Grapes, which in the *Heav'nly* Vineyard Shine.

Play

Play with the *Phœnix*, and ſuch Birds as are
Plum'd with the Rainbows Colours, but more fair.
Imbroider'd Fields, Groves Damask'd with bright Beams,
Banks all Enamel'd, and tranſparent Streams.
Your Trains will drag with 'thouſand Stars, while they,
Who'le bear them up, are Angels bright as day.
Taſte ev'ry Rapture of the Joys Above,
And Tall, Bright Gods, will make Immortal Love
Th' Injoyment of that Love will: *Wom.* O forbear,
My Soul as yet's not big enough to hear:
Thô too large for its Priſon 't does appear.
Methinks I'm mounted on th'Imperial Seat,
And Crowns and Scepters play about my Feet.
And now I tread the ſpangled Milky way,
And bring where e're I come, Illuſtrious Day.
Cherubins curl my Golden Locks, whilſt I
Command Attendants, with my ſparkling Eye.
Beauty enjoy to that height of Exceſs,
As Gods can give, for I'll accept no leſs.
Alas! Poor *Adam*, now I ſhall be more
Your Soverain, than you was mine before.
Your narrow Soul, like mine, durſt not Aſpire,
Nor is't compos'd of ſuch a Noble Fire.
I wiſely at the firſt, begin to know:
My younger days, a riper Judgment ſhow;
And what my future, ſwelling Joys excell;
I ever ſhall be young, and ever thus ſhall Dwell.
Dig on, Poor Man, nor ſhall you know our Ods,
We'l keep our diſtance, like our Fellow Gods.

This ſaid, She clim'd the Tree, more ſwift than Thought,
And down the faireſt, largeſt Apple brought:
Eats it with greedineſs, when ſoon, Alas!
Away theſe Gilded, Airy Viſions, paſs.
Her Eyes are open'd, finds Her ſelf undon,
Sees Her Immortal Thread is almoſt ſpun.
Ah Fool! What Happineſs thou'ſt loſt for Toyes,
What ſolid Good, for viſionary Joys?
T'affront that God, which made Thee of a Bone,
For ſuch a Worm, to Crawl upon his Throne.
My Beauty's blaſted, all my Honor's fled,
My Glory's gone, m'ambitious Spirit's Dead.
O! whither ſhall I fly, where ſeek for Aid,
What ſad retreat, more dark than Hell's black ſhade?
Will cover my vile Soul? that Heav'n mayn't find
A Body curſt, with ſuch a wretched Mind
Sharp thrilling Terrors, pierce my wounded Soul
Mountains of Sorrow's on my Spirits roul.
My *H*eart with Anguiſh burſts, my Head with Cares,
I'm rackt with Horrors, Plung'd in deep deſpairs.
Undone, Forlorn, Forſaken, and Accurſt:
Come, Fiends aſſiſt me, now I'le do the worſt
*H*ell can inſpire me with, To Man I'le goe,
*A*nd for a while diſſemble all my woe.
*H*e's Inn'cent yet; my treach'rous Tongue ſhall try
To make him equal in the Villany.
Nay, all *H*ell's Pow'rs I challenge to deſign,
*A* Plot ſo Black, ſo Baſe, ſo Damn'd as mine.

I'l

I'le Gild each poiſon'd Pill, till *He's* Took *All*,
Then laugh to ſee him Partners in the Fall.

Now crack ye Poles, unhinge ye Heav'ns, and ſhake
Ye mighty *Arches*, let the whole World Quake:
In Sable Clouds, ſtand ſtill O Sun, and Mourn;
Let Mountains from their Roots, with Storms be torn.
The Ocean with its weighty Billows Roar,
Tumbling in heaps upon the groaning Shoar,
To ſee a Prodigy, ſo vilely great,
Baffles the Blood'ſt Birth of Pregnant Fate.
*A* Crime, that *Hell* it ſelf might bluſh to own:
*A* Crime till now, amongſt the Damn'd not known.
That One ſhould ruine a whole World, and bring
Curſes on *All*, and Death's ſevereſt ſting.
That Woman, when through Luſt and Pride ſhe'd loſt
*All* that could Comfort and Enjoyment boaſt:
Rather than to repent her Sin, ſhould try
T'undo Man too, by 'er *Helliſh* Treachery.
Curſe all *Her* Offspring, Nay to act a Deed,
Which after, made the God of Nature Bleed.

Prepare now *Adam*, *Hell* and Earth deſign
Thy Sacrifice, and Pray'rs to countermine.
Thy Soul is wrapt in Sacred Innocence;
Guilty of no *Ambition*, or Pretence
To any's Int'reſt, but thy Makers, while
In Bleſt Returns, the Gracious *Heav'ns* do ſmile.

Thou ſeeſt the Honour of Submiſſion, where,
Angels themſelves are proud to have a ſhare.
Hateſt the foul Contagion of a Thought,
Which mayn't be to bright Virtues Touchſtone brought.
To add a Comfort to thy foll'wing Days,
Thy God hath made a Helper, which may raiſe
Thy bright Devotion, a free Agent, who
Hath Pow'r to be as Innocent as you.
What mighty Tranſports of refreſhing Joy,
Doſt thou expect, Poor Man, from this frail Toy.
Miſtaken *Adam*, She's Loſt all, Undone
Betwixt a Morning and an Ev'ning Sun.
Her treach'rous Malice too, hath blackned more
Her Soul, than Hell, and Luſt, and Pride before.
A Cup of Poiſon charged to the brim,
She's now preparing, though above may ſwim
Fair Gilded Bubbles, Glor'ous, Bright and Gay,
A Pleaſant Prologue, to a Tragick Play.

Her Looks She pleaſantly compoſes, while
Her Roſie Cheeks are dimpled to a Smile.
Her Beaut'ous Hair, with Careleſs Artful Pride
Is looſely ſpread, and all her Charms beſide,
Moſt vig'rous made, t'aſſault Man's Thoughtleſs Heart
Fearing no Hurt, 'cauſe Guilt of no ill Art.
Her Tongue, that Magazine of Dagger, where
Baſe Murders, Treach'rous Falſhoods, harbor'd are,
Is ſmoothly Oil'd, that charming curſed Cheat,
Pecul'ar to the Sex, muſt do the Feat.

O

O gilded Sepulcher! O fair Outside!
What Sin and Rotteneſs within doſt hide.

Thus with like haſte She flyes, to Man, or more,
Than when She climb'd the fatal Tree before.
And ſaid:

My deareſt Maſter, what Varieties
Of pleaſant Objects, bleſs our wand'ring Eyes?
What heaps of Bleſſings, ev'rywhere we ſee,
Gifts of a good, and bount'ous Deity?
Mellifluous Groves, ſuch pleaſant Fruit do bare,
And Bloſſoms, which perfume the wanton Air.
Rich Plains, with fragrant Flow'rs, and painted Pride,
Bright Streams, with thouſand Pleaſures more beſide.
The humble Flocks and Herds with wonder view
Their glorious Sov'rain, which, ſweet Sir, is You.
*Adam.* 'Tis true, we find the great Effects each where
Of our great Maſter's fervent Love and Care.
What raviſh'd *Hallelujahs* ſhould we ſing,
To be ſuch Subjects of ſo good a King?
*Eve.* And all ſo Loyally do kiſs your Shrine,
*As* if they all had Souls, inform'd like mine,
Which is s'intirely yours, without all Art,
Who'd rip out Duty, muſt rip up my *Heart*.
*Adam.* When I alone dwelt on the ſpacious Earth,
Before your beaut'ous Innocence had Birth:
I was all *Happineſs*, but now have more,
From your ſweet Loyal Love, than all before.

*Eve.*

*Eve.* Your dut'ous Carriage to your mighty Lord,
Does me ſo rich a Precedent afford,
My *Heart* may Bears and cruel Monſters tear,
VVhen *Adam*, deareſt *Adam*, is not there.
Nay more, then what a greater Curſe can't be,
Soul of my Life, may'ſt thou ne're think on me.

*Adam.* My days thus ſpent in innocent delight,
Ye *Heav'ns*, what Joys you bleſs me with at Night.

*Eve.* But if ſuch Pleaſure here we have in Love,
VVhat mighty Raptures they enjoy above?
If Earthly Paradice ſo pleaſant is,
Then what an Extaſy is *Heav'nly* Bliſs?

*Adam.* As when ſome Mountain, on a Cottage rouls,
So would thoſe Pleaſures overwhelm our Souls.
VVe are not capable to think, much leſs
To taſte Enjoyment of ſo vaſt Exceſs.
'Tis Happineſs enough, for us to know
The joyful Bleſſings we receive below.

*Eve.* Laſt Ev'ning when the Hills long ſhadows caſt,
The Air refreſht with now, and then a Blaſt;
In the cool ſhades, on flow'ry Graſs I lay,
To ſee the Kids and Lambs together play:
Soon by the gentle murm'rings of the Streams,
I fell aſleep, and had theſe pleaſant Dreams.
Methoughts I'd VVings, and flew above the Clouds,
Met glor'ous Angels in tranſparent Shrouds:

Sai

Said they, what Ign'rance makes you thus disgrace
The Constitution of your God-like Race?
Your Birth is Noble, though th'Improvement Base.
What clogs your Soul? 'tis Elemental Fire,
Give it but Leave, like Ours, it will aspire.
I wak'd, and though I found it but a Dream,
Methoughts the Subject was a pleasant Theam;
And shew our Souls related were to theirs,
(If suffer'd to enlarge) above the Spheres.

*Adam.* *Eve*, you mistake the Cause, that Transport is
Only the sweet Effects of present Bliss

*Eve.* Not so, my Lord; for soon the Truth I knew,
The Dreams, like Oracles, I did pursue:
And bring thee joyful News, will make you more
Above your Self, than 'bove the Beasts before.

*Adam.* With what glad Tydings do'st my Soul surprize,
Did God accept my morning Sacrifice?
Indeed the VVind my Incense seem'd to bare,
VVith swelling Streams, through the perfum'd Air,
The Sky serene, all happy *Omens*, while
The Heav'ns, to shew Acceptance, seem'd to smile.

*Eve.* Better: Thou shalt no more i'th' Garden lurk,
To dig the Ground: [*Adam*] hath God found other work?
Whate're his Pleasure is, my Soul's resign'd,
T' observe the Dictates of his blessed Mind.

*Eve.* Nor that: Thou know'st a fatal Tree there is,
Not to be Touch'd, without the loss of Bliss. (Good?

*Adam.* 'Tis true: [*Eve*] But hath not God made all things
'Tis Nought if useless, sure't must be for Food:

If

If ſo, the Fallen Angels never can
Enter a Place ſo Sacred made to Man.
Then it muſt be the bleſſed Angels Meat,
Such as the glor'ous Cherubins do eat.

*Adam.* No *Eve*, 'tis Poyſon, deadly Poyſon, where
Death, and all other Evils harbor'd are.
And were it not a certain Evil, He
Who gave ſo large, would ne're deny a Tree.
*Eve.* Why did not He, whoſe Love's to Man ſo pure,
This evil Tree by fenced Walls ſecure?
That Man might not be Tempted, when it might
As eaſily been Planted, out of ſight. (Pow'rs,
*Adam.* He's planted Walls, his ſtrict Commands, thoſe
To the Obedient, are the ſtrongeſt Tow'rs.
*Eve.* An Evil muſt defective be; He ſaid,
He ſaw his Works, and ſaw all Perfect made.
*Adam.* The like Perfection may be in this Tree,
The Crime may onely Diſobedience be:
And, this excepted, He forbids us None;
Sure for a Thouſand, we may give Him One.
*Eve.* I rather think, when God had made the Soul,
To try if any Threatnings would controul
So great a Being, Gen'rous, Free, and Brave,
How like it ſelf, it ſelf it would behave:
Thus try'd his Boldneſs, to ſee how refin'd,
From his groſs Body, was his God-like Mind.
Say ſhould I try? [*Adam*] Let not a Thought ſo foul,
For thouſand Worlds, Immaculate your Soul.

*Eve.*

*Eve.* Why *Adam*, What were you the worſe for this?
If I Fall, 'twill but more confirm your Bliſs;
But Fall I can't, Heav'n never hath deſign'd,
A Fault ſo ſmall, the Ruine of Mankind.
Who ſuch a Noble Work, as Man, begun,
Won't for One Apple, ſee him quite undone.
*Adam.* We muſt not in his ſecret Councels pry,
It is enough, He ſaid, *You'le ſurely Dye.* (will
*Eve.* But what's this Death? [*Adam*] It is a Curſe, which
Loathſom Corruption, through your Blood, inſtill:
Conſume your Limbs, your Face turn black, and foul,
And Fear and Horror ſeize your Guilty Soul. (Gay,
*Eve.* How look I now? [*Adam*] All Glorious, Bright, and
Sweet as the Morning, Innocent as Day.
*Eve.* See *Adam* then your fond Miſtake, for I,
Ventur'd the Fruit, and found the Fallacy:
Ventur'd the ſeeming Threatnings of dark Fate,
Not out of Pride, but Dear, to make thee Great.
*Adam.* Eat of the Fruit, which in the Middle ſtands,
Not to be Touch'd, by Gods and our Commands?
*Eve.* I eat the Fruit, If Faith your Eyes you'le give,
You ſee I'm Fair, and Innocent, and live.
Nay, my enlarged Soul, you ſee, aſpires,
Cheriſht and fed with much Diviner Fires.
'Tis on the wing, I hate my earthly Clod,
And onely ſtay, to make Thee too, a God.
This is the Fruit which God, and Angels eat,
This is the great *Ambroſia*, Heav'nly Meat.

The Tree which Knowledge gives, and that which can
Make an Immortal God, of Noble Man.
God therefore hath Forbid'n, well did he know,
Eating this Fruit, we'd ſcorn to dwell below,
Claiming Celeſtial Thrones, there'd be no Ods,
We alſo ſhould be numbred 'mongſt the Gods.

He fright'ned us with dreadful Death, alone
To keep off Rivals, from his Sacred Throne.
And would perſuade the meanneſs of our Birth;
Pretending you was Made of common Earth,
When 'twas of heav'nly Seed, which fell below,
And will aſpire, when It begins to know.
And I Made of a Bone, but had you been
Awake, it might confirm my Birth ſo mean.
Then Taſte, Bold Man, and grow a God like me,
Taſte, and for ever Great, and Glorious be.

You'le ceaſe to be a Gard'ner here, and fly
On marbled Clouds, above the ſtarry Sky.
Tread the arch'd Roofs of Heav'n, refulgent, bright,
VVith Raptures, and ineffable Delight.
The Spheres, in raviſht Notes, will ſound your Praiſe,
Your Youth be as Immortal, as your Days;
Angels, to You, will Hallelujahs ſing,
And May continue, with eternal Spring.
VViſdom will flow like the unbounded Main,
And ſacred Raptures, from your pregnant Brain.

Mir'ads

Mir'ads of Cherubins attend your Crown,
And the high-ſounding Sphears with Eccho's drown.
Command the Magazines of Hail and Snow,
Send as you pleaſe your Thunderbolts below.
Whilſt Heav'n and Earth Obey your Sacred Nod:
And thus you'll grow a perfect Glorious God.

*Adam.* Your Soul ſeems ſtrang'ly inſpir'd with news ſo (Great,
And you already out of reach of Fate.
But how can you retard your Heav'nly Joy,
And with dull Earth, your ſoaring Spirit cloy?

*Eve.* Crown of my Glory, Soul of my Delight,
Who has to all m' Enjoyments, Trueſt Right:
For whom at firſt I ventur'd Soul, and All,
To raiſe Thee, or ſecure Thee from a Fall:
The cauſe of my Delaying's only This,
To take Thee with me to thoſe Flouds of Bliſs.
I ſhould a ſtranger to thoſe Joys appear,
Nor'd Heav'n be Heav'n, and Deareſt thou not there.

*Adam.* Of ſuch great Kindneſs, Conſtancy and Love,
None can be capable, but Souls above.
Such Raptures ſhow a Mind inſpir'd from Heav'n.
Her Face more Bright and charming Looks, and then
Her ſpotleſs Soul moſt innocent appears,
So far from Death, ſhe ſeems not toucht with fears.
Beſides, my wiſe Creator, thought fit She,
A Helper ſhould, as well as Comfort be.

Perhaps indulgent Heav'n, deſign'd in this,
By *Her* to help me to th' Eternal Bliſs.
I'll venture on it, but ſay, ſhould I Dye?

*Eve*; You ſee a Precedent before your Eye:
Then quickly Taſte, the Tree is freſh and green,
At Night 'r may Dye, and never more be ſeen.

This ſaid, his trembling *Hands*, the fatal Meat
She gave, and with Embraces forc'd to Eat:
*His* Eyes as ſoon are op'ned, up he ſtarts,
*His* Soul ſeems ſtruck, and pierc'd with thouſand Darts.
A ſhiv'ring ſeizes all his Limbs, *His* Face
Looks Pale, and Black with Sadneſs, and Diſgrace.
*Heav'ns* former Kindneſſes his Soul upbraid:
Whilſt to the VVorlds Great Murd'rer thus he ſaid:

*Hah Eve*! is this Your Zeal to me, and Love?
Is this Your *Heav'n*, and *Happineſs* Above?
Theſe the effects of your Embraces, while
My cheated *Heart* was charmed with a ſmile?
Is this the hazard of your Soul, for me?
Is this your Faith, and Truth, and Conſtancy?
*Hah* VVoman! and is this your Company?
Better Companions much were Beaſts, for then
I might not 'ave ſeen a curſed Race of Men.
I was all *Happineſs* before your Birth,
Enjoy'd with Pleaſure all the ſpacious Earth;
All Creatures *Honeſty*, with Faith repaid,
Nothing in Nature falſe, till You was made.

Thoſe

hoſe Bliſsful Days have left me now forlorn,
etray'd by *Her*, who from my Side was Born;
o near my *Heart*, and yet ſo falſe to prove?
o treach'rous to ſuch Conſtancy of Love.
or am I only ruin'd to your ſhame,
ut future Worlds will Curſe your Blaſted Name.

O! for thy ſake, that Mankind ne're had Bin,
or Earth, polluted with ſo groſs a Sin:
r that my Body would to Atomes turn,
ather than ſtill to Live, and ſtill to Mourn.
y days muſt now draw Out in tedious Grief,
or anger'd *Heav'n*, will ſtoop to give Relief:
o Never, Never, Can I look for more
eav'ns Cheering Smiles, and Favours as before.
ut ſtill in ſome dark Grove's obſcureſt VValk,
Vith Melancholy Sadneſs, ever ſtalk,
ill to my former Earth, I turn, and go,
Vith Sorrow to th' Infernal Shades below.

This ſaid, the awful roaring Thunder broke,
he trembling *Heav'ns*, and thus th' Eternal ſpoke;
Vhere art Thou Man? [*Adam.*] I found my ſelf Undon,
nd to the Thickets for a ſhelter Run,
o *Hide* from thy Juſt VVrath, Great God, for She
hou Gaveſt, Tempt'd me to the fatal Tree.
id God: And ſince you'l condeſcend to *Hear*,
our Subject Creature, henceforth ſhall you Tear
he Rocky Earth, with Pain, and Sweaty Brow:
nd Thorns and Thiſtles ev'ry where ſhall grow.

But

But thou, O Woman! ſince thou dar'ſt Diſgrace,
Our Noble Image, and our Godlike Race:
To Tempt Beloved Man, his Faith to ſtain,
Thou ſhalt indure intolerable pain,
Thy Pleaſure ſhall be dearly bought, for when
We pleaſe to Multiply our ſtock of Men:
As often as thou giv'ſt a Being Breath,
So often ſhalt thou feel the Pangs of Death.
And ſince your mean Poſterious Birth could not,
Keep your Preſumptious Mind, from ſuch a Plot:
Know 'tis our Pleaſure, Ratifi'd in Heav'n,
Strickeſt Obedience you ſhall pay to Men.
All your deſires, in his juſt Pow'r ſhall reſt,
To ſuffer, as his Judgment thinks it beſt.
'Tis our Command, who Graſp the VVorlds great Ball,
That Man ſhall be the Sov'rain Lord of all.

But Man, we'll nere forget our former Love,
VVhich in the midſt of Judgment ſtill does move;
I'll ſend my Son, who though a Deity,
Shall ſuffer Deaths ſevereſt Pangs for Thee:
Taking thy Shape, and Sex upon him, thus
As thou the Lively Image bear'ſt of Us,
One VVoman too we'll Honour, from the Earth,
VVhoſe Heav'n toucht VVomb, ſhall give this Savio
And thus we will renew our League with Man, (Birt
And give him Heav'n, although here but a Span.

He ſpake, the *Heav'ns* with *Holy* Anthems ſound,
Repeating Ecchoes, Sacred Noiſes Drown.

All places with Mans Happineſs do Ring:
VVhilſt all the *Hoſts of Heav'n* do *Hallelujahs* Sing.

Thus Man again reſumes his Glory, all
The Bleſſings he enjoy'd before the Fall.
Looking on *Eve*, by whom he was betray'd,
To future Worlds, this Caveat left, and ſay'd;

Take heed Poſterity, and Learn from Me,
What dangerous Treach'rys in falſe VVomen be.
Secure your ſelves by Countermining Arts,
Leſt they blow up, or elſe betray your Hearts.
Take heed, for when, like Crocodiles, their Tears
Do gently Fall, then's greateſt cauſe of Fears:
Then their deceitful Hearts deſign a Prey,
And in the midſt of ſeeming pity Slay.
And if they Charm you once within their Pow'r,
They'll ſweetly Sing, like Syrens, to Devour.

That Pride which caſt down *Lucifer* from *Heav'n*,
And was by Fooliſh *Eve* renew'd again,
VVill ever in depraved VVoman Reign.
Nor their Ambirion, ſhall whole VVorlds ſuffice,
Nay *Hell* as ſoon be Glutted, as their Eyes:
Through Blood and Sacriledge, 'twill make its way,
And be as Violent as the Raging Sea.
They 'll long for things becauſe they are deny'd,
To ſhew their Folly's equal with their Pride:
Excepting where ſome miſchiefs the intent,
Then VVomans ſharper VVit, does Mans prevent;

Their

Their being practis'd in such wicked Arts,
Gives the advantage to their weaker Parts.
Take heed (my future Sons) or you'l too late,
With dear Experience, buy your *Heavy* Fate.

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*FINIS.*

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